På Rejse ("On the Road again")

For WindQuintet



Once upon a time there were five friends: A Flute, an Oboe, a Clarinet, a Horn and a Bassoon. "What are we going to do?" the Horn asked.



"We could take a long, nice walk!" one of them proposed ... and they all agreed. "And we also could run a little! O.K.??", the Flute asked. The Flute loved running fast.



"WE ARE <u>WALKING</u>!" That came a little sourly from the Horn.



"Cooome oooon! Let's go nooow!" The Basson was a little impatient.



The Oboe was a little anxious, well - in fact - a chicken, said with a little voice: "We won't go too far from home, I hope!"



"But we shall look for some really cute girls," the Clarinet suggested, thinking of himself being a really good looking chap.



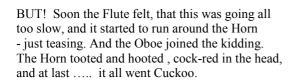
"Now, come on, let's go now", said the Bassoon, and he took the lead singing the walking-melody, and the others followed him.



The Horn - a really talented guy, joined the singing from time to time. And now Oboe and Clarinet would try too. How did that sound??? Listen carefully!











....and as the Flute wanted: Flute and Clarinet started the Cuckoo-Polka. Off they went. Oh, Boy! ... But! It became far too much for the others, and a big quarrelling started: "You have cuckoo-cuckoo on the upper floor!"





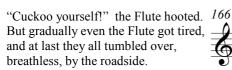


















Slumping over



And there they were lying, puff-puff and then the Oboe felt a severe attack of homesickness.

The Oboes Homesick-Serenade





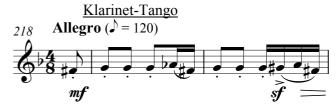
They all became almost as homesick as the Oboe, but the Clarinet suddenly popped up with a good idea: "Hey, I know a place, where there are some cute girls!"







"Come on now!" ... Now the Clarinet really wanted to play the smart guy and show off to impress the girls. He played the Tango, with high notes and low notes - and charming - and for a looong time. And at last the girls jolly well began to dance. Can you hear that in the music?

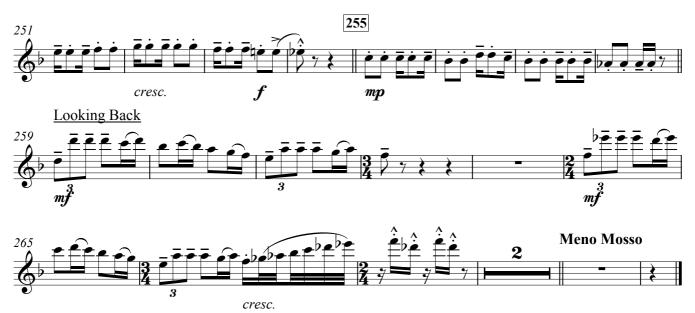




The girls suddenly stopped dancing and looked inquiringly at the clarinet. "Keep dancing!" The Clarinet really made great efforts. But gradually they all began to think on all the adventures, they already had experienced.

- I'm sure you can hear it in the music.







mp

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Yes, quite right. They recognized the landscape. There couldn't be a long distance home! The Flute - the jumping jack - hopped and danced impatiently. It did sound as if it hopped to view the landscape on the other side of the hill-top. The others also started hopping.









Man, how they hopped. "We can see home!" Full speed, hurry up. Over sticks and stones. And soon they again were home. "Hurray". Cuckoo-cuckoo-finitoo-fart-oo-fart.



(Or make another rhyme)

"I can see Hooome!"















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a greeting to <u>arne@dichmusik.dk</u>

$P \mathring{a} \ Rejse$ ("On the Road again")



Once upon a time there were five friends: A Flute, an Oboe, a Clarinet, a Horn and a Bassoon. "What are we going to do?" the Horn asked.



"We could take a long, nice walk!" one of them proposed ... and they all agreed. "And we also could run a little! O.K.??", the Flute asked. The Flute loved running fast.



"WE ARE <u>WALKING</u>!" That came a little sourly from the Horn.



"Cooome oooon! Let's go nooow!" The Basson was a little impatient.



The Oboe was a little anxious, well - in fact - a chicken, said with a little voice: "We won't go too far from home, I hope!"



"But we shall look for some really cute girls," the Clarinet suggested, thinking of himself being a really good looking chap.



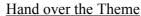
"Now, come on, let's go now", said the Bassoon, and he took the lead singing the walking-melody, and the others followed him.



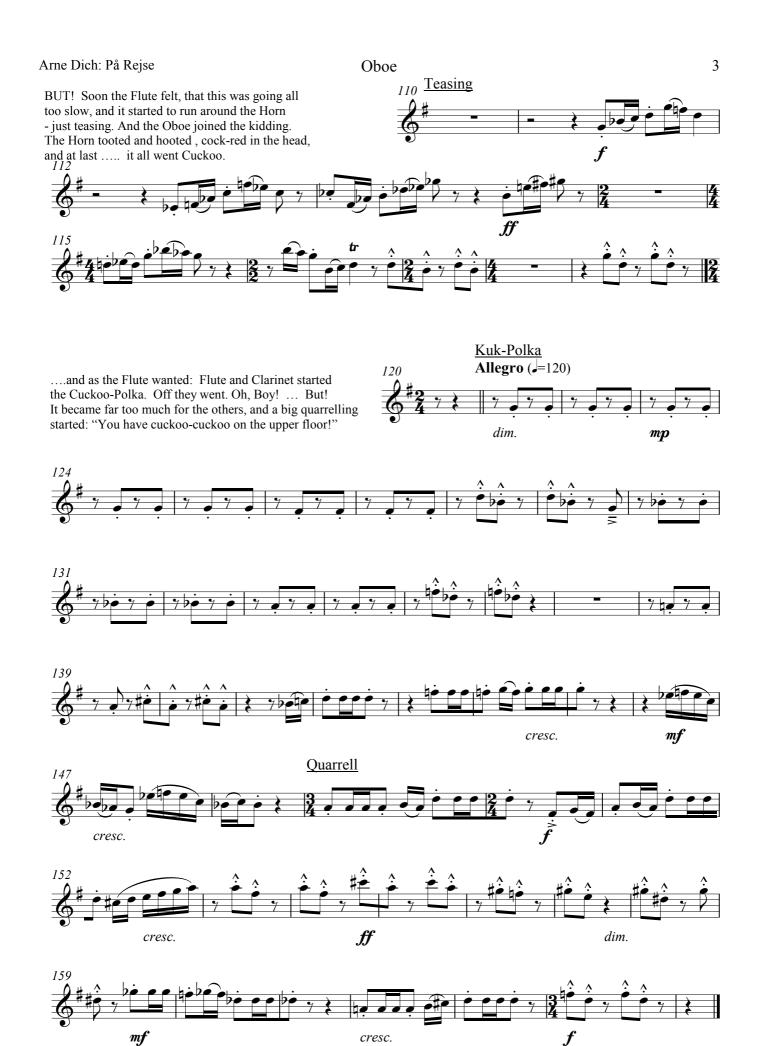
The Horn - a really talented guy, joined the singing from time to time. And now Oboe and Clarinet would try too. How did that sound??? Listen carefully!











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"Cuckoo yourself!" the Flute hooted. But gradually even the Flute got tired, and at last they all tumbled over, breathless, by the roadside.





Slumping over



And there they were lying, puff-puff and then the Oboe felt a severe attack of homesickness.





mf



They all became almost as homesick as the Oboe, but the Clarinet suddenly popped up with a good idea: "Hey, I know a place, where there are some cute girls!"







"Come on now!" ... Now the Clarinet really wanted to play the smart guy and show off to impress the girls. He played the Tango, with high notes and low notes - and charming - and for a looong time. And at last the girls jolly well began to dance. Can you hear that in the music?











The girls suddenly stopped dancing and looked inquiringly at the clarinet. "Keep dancing!" The Clarinet really made great efforts. But gradually they all began to think on all the adventures, they already had experienced.

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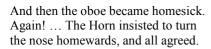




Looking Back













Again the bassoon took the avant-garde, but now it used the horns marching-rhythm. The others followed in a long, long row.





"Forward!" the Bassoon blowed. "Follow quickly one after another." The Horn had a short flashback on the pretty girls, BUT suddenly they all recognized the wellll-knowwwn????







Yes, quite right. They recognized the landscape. There couldn't be a long distance home! The Flute - the jumping jack - hopped and danced impatiently. It did sound as if it hopped to view the landscape on the other side of the hill-top. The others also started hopping.



It's the Theme!







Man, how they hopped. "We can see home!" Full speed, hurry up. Over sticks and stones. And soon they again were home. "Hurray". Cuckoo-cuckoo-finitoo-fart-oo-fart. (Or make another rhyme)



"I can see Hooome!"







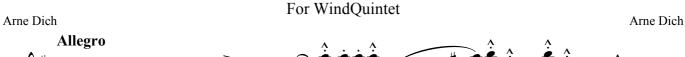




If you are playing this composition, please send a greeting to arne@dichmusik.dk

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På Rejse ("On the Road again")





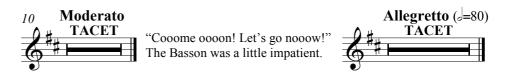
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"WE ARE WALKING!" That came a little sourly from the Horn.



The Oboe was a little anxious, well in fact - a chicken, said with a little voice: "We won't go too far from home, I hope!"



"But we shall look for some really cute girls," the Clarinet suggested, thinking of himself being a really good looking chap.





"Now, come on, let's go now", said the Bassoon, and he took the lead singing the walking-melody, and the others followed him.



The Horn - a really talented guy, joined the singing from time to time. And now Oboe and Clarinet would try too. How did that sound??? Listen carefully!





Hand over the Theme

Well - eh - that wasn't too good. It did sound as if they tried to pull and tear the melody. The Bassoon became confused and could eventually not recall his song what a mess!1









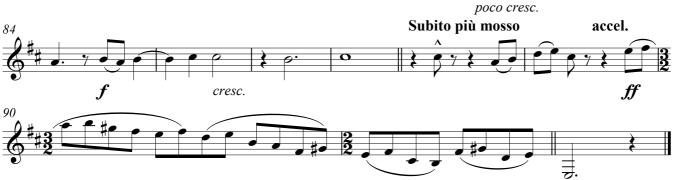
Well. They now agreed in trying to sing in the same tempo, although they could not memorize the melody correctly. It sounded quite a bit out of tune - and it ended up wrong.

Theme on the Top





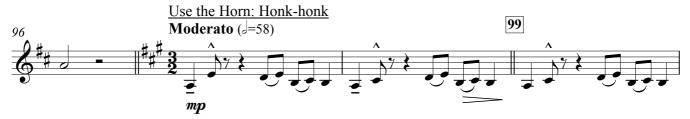




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What now? "Let's make a little run", the Flute proposed. "No! NO! And again: **NO**! We will walk, quietly and nice. AND I AM SINGING THE SONG!" the Horn stated, and played the song march-like: ta-tatera-ta-ta., with Clarinet and Bassoon marching besides.











BUT! Soon the Flute felt, that this was going all too slow, and it started to run around the Horn - just teasing. And the Oboe joined the kidding. The Horn tooted and hooted, cock-red in the head, and at last it all went Cuckoo.







....and as the Flute wanted: Flute and Clarinet started the Cuckoo-Polka. Off they went. Oh, Boy! ... But! It became far too much for the others, and a big quarrelling started: "You have cuckoo-cuckoo on the upper floor!"









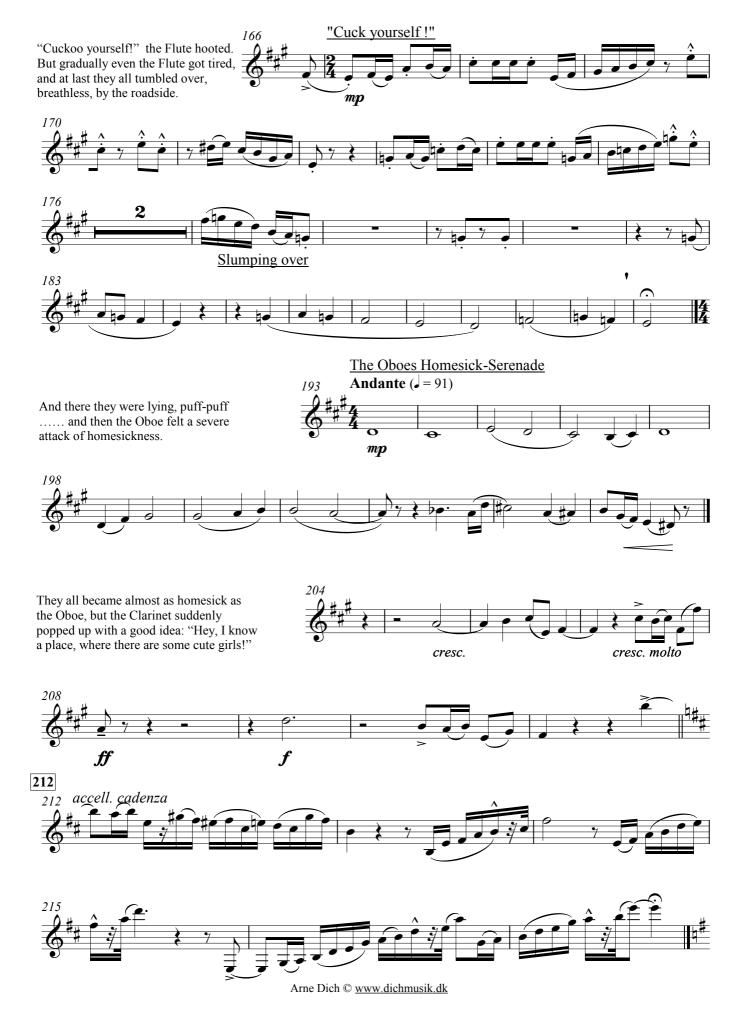














Oboe is still Homesick

And then the oboe became homesick. Again! ... The Horn insisted to turn the nose homewards, and all agreed.

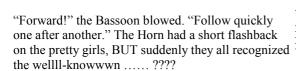


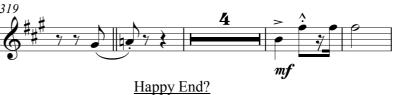


Again the bassoon took the avant-garde, but now it used the horns marching-rhythm. The others followed in a long, long row.









Forward!



Yes, quite right. They recognized the landscape. There couldn't be a long distance home! The Flute - the jumping jack - hopped and danced impatiently. It did sound as if it hopped to view the landscape on the other side of the hill-top. The others also started hopping.





Man, how they hopped. "We can see home!" Full speed, hurry up. Over sticks and stones. And soon they again were home. "Hurray". Cuckoo-cuckoo-finitoo-fart-oo-fart. (Or make another rhyme)







På Rejse ("On the Road again")



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TACET



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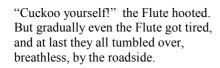


















And there they were lying, puff-puff and then the Oboe felt a severe attack of homesickness.





They all became almost as homesick as the Oboe, but the Clarinet suddenly popped up with a good idea: "Hey, I know a place, where there are some cute girls!"





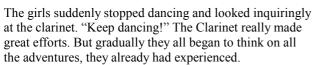
"Come on now!" ... Now the Clarinet really wanted to play the smart guy and show off to impress the girls. He played the Tango, with high notes and low notes - and charming - and for a looong time. And at last the girls jolly well began to dance. Can you hear that in the music?













Try again!

- I'm sure you can hear it in the music.







And then the oboe became homesick. Again! ... The Horn insisted to turn the nose homewards, and all agreed.





On the Way Home

Again the bassoon took the avant-garde, but now it used the horns marching-rhythm. The others followed in a long, long row.

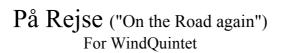














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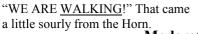


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The Main Theme



The Horn - a really talented guy, joined the singing from time to time. And now Oboe and Clarinet would try too. How did that sound??? Listen carefully!





Hand over the Theme

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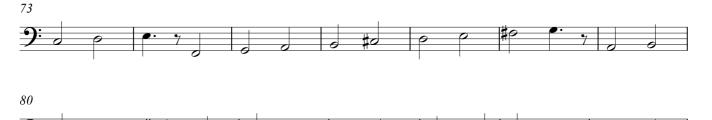


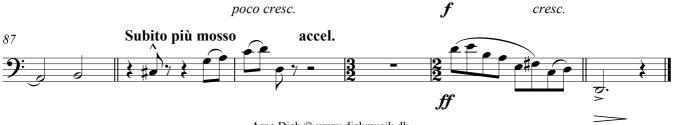


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93 A tempo 1 9: #3



mf







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The Oboes Homesick-Serenade

93 Andante (J = 91)

And there they were lying, puff-puff and then the Oboe felt a severe attack of homesickness.



198



They all became almost as homesick as the Oboe, but the Clarinet suddenly popped up with a good idea: "Hey, I know a place, where there are some cute girls!"





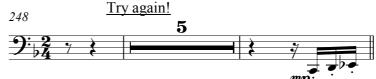
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The girls suddenly stopped dancing and looked inquiringly at the clarinet. "Keep dancing!" The Clarinet really made great efforts. But gradually they all began to think on all the adventures, they already had experienced.

- I'm sure you can hear it in the music.





Oboe is still Homesick

272 **Meno Mosso** (= 47)

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